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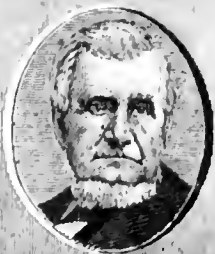
WITNESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CLAYTON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXVIII. SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1893.

No. 19.

THE CHICAGO UNION STOCK YARDS.

EVERY visitor to the city of the World's Fair should make it a point to visit the stock yards located within easy reach of the center of the city. Such a visit would prove of the greatest interest, and be a source of great wonderment to

miles of streets paved with wooden blocks.

The place was established in 1864, since which time the dimensions and capacities have been doubled. The business done there now is greater than that of the whole grain and lumber trade



UNION STOCK YARDS.

every person. They contain 3300 pens and stalls, which are capable of sheltering 25,000 head of oxen, 14,000 head of sheep and 150,000 swine. This gigantic establishment now contains twenty miles of troughs for water, which are supplied by six artesian wells. There are also fifty miles of feeding troughs, and twenty

combined, and when we consider that in Chicago there are 26 grain elevators with a capacity of over 28,000,000 bushels, which are almost constantly in operation, and when we think of the immense lumber trade carried on within the city, we can perhaps form an idea, by the comparison, of the amount of

business done at the stock yards. Every railroad connects directly with the yards, the tracks within them aggregating 87 miles. The principal firms connected with this institution are Armour & Co., employing 3300 men on an average, and Swift & Co., who employ 3200 men. It is said that the latter firm alone receives on an average one hundred and twenty-five car loads of cattle every day.

The largest number ever received and handled in one day was 22,064 beeves, 66,000 swine, and 12,630 sheep. The process of slaughtering the animals is of great interest to strangers, and the rapidity with which such work is done can scarcely be comprehended by an observer, much less by those who have never visited the establishment. The slaughter of hogs is by far the most prodigious. After a drove has been accurately weighed, they are driven over long wooden bridges to the slaughter houses, where the hind legs of every animal are firmly grasped and held by iron rings. These are fastened to a hook connected with a movable roller running on a track, and, hanging by their hind legs, they are thus transported to the slaughter house, where the butcher skillfully and quickly cuts the animal's throat, and the blood runs off in a furrow in the floor. The animal is then thrust into a tank of boiling water, from which in three minutes it is removed, and placed on a table, where a machine with forty-eight knives in different positions shaves the body clean, and the streams of water which are constantly pouring over it wash away all trace of hair and dirt. Then the hog is seized by the nose and pushed on a bench, where his internal organs are removed. The lungs, heart and liver are laid to one side for utilization in making sausage. The head is chopped off, and the

brain, eyes, etc., are thrown into the grease. The tongue, which is used for canning purposes, is laid in another place. After this the body is cut open lengthwise and placed in the refrigerator and thereafter into an ice chamber which is 200 x 400 feet, where the pieces are arranged in rows and left for thirty hours in a temperature that is many degrees below zero. Thereafter the various parts are used for smoking, drying, and other purposes which the trade may demand.

All this operation is accomplished within a space of time not to exceed seven minutes from the time the hog enters the enclosure until he is cut in halves and placed in the refrigerator. By means of other mechanical appliances, the smoking of hams and the preparing of sausage are also performed.

In the handling of cattle the process varies some little. The animal is killed by a blow upon the head with an iron hammer, which breaks the skull. They are then hung up by their hind legs and the blood vessels are severed at the throat to allow the blood to escape. After this the hide is removed with great rapidity, and thus the process is done in an incredibly short space of time.

The offal of the slaughtering houses, consisting of grease, skins, bones, blood, etc., is used for the production of pressed tallow, oleomargarine, butterine, glue, and other things in the establishments which are situated mostly in the neighborhood of the Stock Yards.

It is wonderful how nearly every scrap of the animal is used for the manufacture of something which is needed. A view of this immense establishment will be beneficial because of the exhibition of skill which it is possible for the people to acquire who devote themselves to any

special labor, and also to show visitors to what ways seemingly worthless articles can be put, and thus teach them a great lesson of economy in all things.

C. H. A.

A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

AMONG the numerous favorable responses received in answer to the invitations which were extended to religious leaders of the human race throughout the world by the general parliament of religions held during the season of the World's Fair at Chicago, none were more nicely prepared than that of Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitsu, the Japanese Buddhist Priest. He says:

"As our Emperor has given to your country a Japanese Temple, approving the great and important purpose of the World's Columbian Exposition, so we Buddhist representatives approve heartily your grand purpose, in proposing a great world's spiritual and moral exposition, to show the people from all parts of the world the grandeur and sublimity of spiritual affairs, to give many great and important interests to the World's Columbian Exposition, and thus to leave a deep impression or memorial to the coming generation, and we are to attend joyfully the parliament."

This epistle manifests a more liberal and progressive spirit than that found in the letter of disapproval of the proposed gathering which was sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury. His position is revealed in the following extract:

"The difficulties rest in the fact that the Christian religion is the one religion. I do not understand how that religion can be regarded as a member of the parliament of religions without assuming equality of the other intended members on a parity of their positions and claims.

Then again, your general program assumes that the Church of Rome is the Catholic Church, and treats the Protestant Episcopal Church of America as outside the Catholic Church. I presume that the Church of England will be similarly classified. On that view our position is untenable. Beyond this, while I cannot understand how the Christian religion may produce evidence before any assembly, a presentation of that religion must go far beyond the question of evidences and must subject to public discussion that faith and devotion which are its characteristics, and which belong to a religion too sacred for such treatment."

The former letter shows the spirit of progression that has characterized the Japanese since their country was opened to foreigners. They have discovered that in other lands and among other peoples there is much to be learned with which they were formerly unacquainted. The result has been that the government has not hesitated to send its capable young men to all parts of the world to gather information on almost every conceivable subject. The Japanese students have been as the honey bee, gathering sweets from nearly every flower and returning therewith to the hive to deposit the load. The result is that of all the Asiatic peoples, the Japanese have made the most remarkable progress within a few years past, and it is safe to announce that Japan will not long remain behind, if the present spirit of progress continues, the civilized nations of the globe in those things which go to make up human happiness and intelligence.

In religious matters, too, it may be said, that Japan is possessed of principles which are equally successful with those which modern Christians profess

in making the people noble and wise. Some of their forms and ceremonies would seem extremely ludicrous to us, and yet they are effective in controlling the passions of men to a very great extent, and to remind them that there is something greater, higher and more enduring than that which is here enjoyed in mortality. We would be amused,

from ours, the object sought is the same as that which Christian ministers in our own land have.

The basic principle of Shintoism, which is the national or ancient religion of Japan, is that the Mikado is the spiritual head. The essence of this religion is reverence for ancestors and sacrifice to departed heroes. It strongly



JAPANESE PRIESTS SOLICITING ALMS.

for instance, to see priests in this country, as some still do in Japan, wandering about the streets and roads announcing their approach to the homes of the people by the ringing of a bell, and also for the sake of drawing Buddha's attention to gifts received. Yet, while their methods differ in this respect

inculcates obedience to government requirements, as is evidenced by consideration of the three great commandments issued by the department of religion: "Thou shalt honor the Gods and love thy country." "Thou shalt clearly understand the principles of heaven and the duty of man." "Thou shalt revere

the Emperor as thy sovereign and obey the will of his court."

It is said that great freedom in religious matters is allowed in Japan, which we can readily believe as within the last few years the number of established churches of that country has increased to a wonderful extent and many converts, especially in the larger cities, are found in the denominations known to us. The principle of safety, however, which it is wise for religious denominations to adopt in order to insure themselves against persecution, is to acknowledge the divinity of the Mikado. Doing this they can be assured of governmental protection in the practice of their religion.

The Shinto places of worship are built of material called sunwood, and therein are found mirrors and strips of white paper which are the emblems of self-examination and purity. The forms of worship are very simple. The devotee approaches under the gateways until within a short distance of the doors when he stops and throws a few coins in the box which is prepared for their reception, or upon the floor. He then folds his hands in a posture of reverence and offers his prayers, and departs.

The most popular religion of Japan is Buddhism, though many of the higher classes reject the worship of all idols and accept the Confucian philosophy of life and morals. All the people practice, however, whatever their professions of faith may be, in a very marked degree the virtues of cleanliness of person and cheerfulness of heart, both of which might be profitably accepted by people of other denominations throughout the world. Thus it happens that one rarely finds a Japanese who is sour in his disposition or disagreeable in society, and

as for cleanliness they are so careful in this respect that hot water baths are considered as essential as sleeping or eating, so that besides the morning bath, the people go through a course of parboiling later in the day.

The day is not far distant when the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ will be introduced among this intelligent and progressive people. The door is already open for admission, at least to a limited extent, and greater opportunities for the promulgation of truth will gradually be provided until the extreme limits of the empire shall have been reached by the Elders who may be sent as representatives of the Church. It is indeed almost certain that when the gospel is preached in that land it will find great multitudes of believers, for so-called Mormonism will be capable of explaining things which now seem incomprehensible to the heathen mind, when taken in connection with some principles of Christianity which have been taught them of late years by the various denominations of the day.

It may be that this parliament of religious men is also to be a means which the Lord has adopted for the introduction of the truth among all people. This seems the best opportunity presented in this age for the general distribution of information concerning the Latter day Saints, and with the introduction of the written word among so many people, it might also be expected that a more liberal disposition will be shown towards the Latter-day Saints, whereby an opportunity might be afforded for the introduction of the work of God by our missionaries in every land and clime.

Vide.

THE gospel is preached more successfully by acts than words.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS No. 24.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION, Oct. 1, 1893.

Superintendent's Visits:—During the last few months the following places were visited by the undersigned in the educational interests, his labors consisting in meeting with the respective Boards of Education, addressing public meetings, and delivering several lectures. Elba and Oakley, Cassia, Preston and Franklin, Oneida and Malad, and West Portage in Malad Stake, Idaho; Weber Stake Academy, at Ogden; Summer Schools at Beaver and Provo; and Fairview, Manti, Ephraim, Fountain Green, Wales, Moroni, Spring City, and Mt. Pleasant in Sanpete Stakes.

New Appointments: — George Day, Principal Cassia Stake Academy, Oakley; John E. Dalley, Principal Oneida Stake Academy, Preston; Wm. H. Smart, Principal L. D. S. Seminary, Franklin; Dr. Geo. F. Phillips, Principal Weber Stake Academy, with Hon. Joseph Stanford, Assistant Principal, Ogden; Geo. J. Ramsey, Principal Davis Stake Academy, Farmington; Don C. Woodward, Principal L. D. S. Seminary, Huntington; Albert Tollestrup, Principal L. D. S. Seminary Gunnison; Frank Cutler, Principal L. D. S. Seminary, Parowan; Hostein M. Warner, Principal Parowan Stake Academy, Cedar City.

Kindergarten:—Thanks to the untiring efforts of President Geo. C. Parkinson, a kindergarten class of about 50 children has been established at Preston, and one with a like attendance at Franklin, both in charge of Miss Nettie Maeser, Graduate of the Kindergarten Normal Course at the Brigham Young Academy. In connection with this, Miss Maeser conducted also classes in

Physical Culture for young ladies in both places. The great benefits derived from these instructions should encourage other Boards of Education to follow the example set by the Oneida Stake Board. Several lady graduates in kindergarten work are ready to enter the field.

Temporary Suspension of Church Schools:—Stake Academies of Box Elder, Morgan, Panguitch, Bear Lake, and Malad; L. D. S. Seminaries at Randolph and Manti.

Brigham Young Academy, Provo:—Principal Prof. Benjamin Cluff, B. M. D., having obtained furlough for several months for the purpose of visiting some Normal Institutions in the East to make himself more acquainted with their various methods, in order to select the most available points for our own Normal Training School, Elders George Brimhall and Joseph B. Keeler have been appointed as Assistant Principals during his absence. The Academy, consisting of the Normal College, Church Normal Training School, Commercial College, Kindergarten, and an Art Department has already over 350 students in attendance.

Latter-day Saints' College, Salt Lake City, Prof. Willard Done, B. D., Principal, opened on September 11th, with an enrollment of 150, which has subsequently increased to about 200. The attendance is larger than it has been for several years at this season, and indications are that it will continue in rapid increase. The new building of the Church University is used for the higher classes of the College, affording the students great comfort and convenience. Thoroughly organized courses are being followed, and a most successful year is anticipated.

Brigham Young College, Logan, Prof.

J. H. Paul, Principal, opened September 4th with a large attendance and a full Faculty. The prospects for a prosperous year are bright, and the influence for good of that institution of learning is continually growing.

Examinations:—In consideration of the fact that almost all Church School Teachers are laboring this year as volunteers, accepting their salaries on the pro rata plan, it was concluded to suspend for the present academic year the examinations for Standing Certificates of the Primary and Intermediate Grades, and the General Superintendent was instructed to extend all respective licenses until June 30, 1894. Several teachers, however, voluntarily attended partial examinations pending their final ones next spring. This will not interfere with examinations for academic degrees under the usual regulations.

Charters:—It has been found that some of the charters issued by the General Board of Education have been kept in the drawers of presidents or secretaries, in danger to be mislaid or soiled. These documents should be framed and hung up in a conspicuous place either in the main schoolroom or the Principal's office.

Diplomas, Certificates, and Licenses:—Attention is again called to the instructions on the subject in General Circular No. 8, pages 6 and 7, as several schools teachers have been found laboring in some capacity or other, or using academic titles without authorization from the General Board. It is the duty of the undersigned to see that such mistakes be avoided in future.

It is desirable that the report of our last annual convention, as it appeared in Church School papers No. 23, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, September 1st, be read at the next meeting of every Board

and Faculty, so that its provisions be not only known by all concerned but carried through as far as circumstances may permit.

Religion Classes:—A circular upon this subject, bearing date of September 12, above the signature of the undersigned, has been sent by order of the General Board of Education to all Presidents of Stakes and Stake Boards of Education. In this circular the co-operation of Sunday School Superintendents in our Religion Class work is suggested. Principals of our Church Schools, appointed Stake Superintendents of Religion Classes, and Sunday School Superintendents are respectfully requested to assist their Stake Presidency and Stake Board of Education in bringing the contents of that circular to the knowledge of the Bishops, and assist the latter in carrying out its provisions as far as circumstances will permit.

By order of the General Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

WHATEVER problem arises before us in life, no matter how difficult, we should not depend upon any one else solving it for us. To ask our teacher or schoolmate to parse every hard word, or work every difficult example, displays a lack of energy. We may as well ask them to eat our dinner or sleep for us. It is the one who does it that receives the benefit, and not the one who sees it done.

Notice the boy how, after spending hours of hard study in preparing his lesson, comes to the recitation, his eyes beaming with self-confidence. He reads like a conqueror, or works his examples in a way that causes wonder at his

superior ability among those who faltered in discouragement at the first trivial obstacle that presented itself to them.

When such manly scholars come to the class, and are called up to be tested, you will perhaps see their schoolmates prompting them on the sly, thinking to confer a favor by so doing. The indolent student is grateful for such help; but the self-reliant spurns it as an unfriendly act, for he feels that to accept it lowers his own self respect, and cheats him of the esteem of the teacher.

If students know their lesson, they can recite it, and if they do not, they will not derive benefit by repeating an answer parrot-like, to the teacher, for "it is better to remain in conscious ignorance than to delude ourselves with the appearance of knowledge."

It is the study, not the answer, that is beneficial. Every trial increases our ability, and if successful, renews our energy and self-confidence.

Those who study, learn to love study, and the harder they study the more they love it, while they who are indifferent, and wait to see others do the work, lose both strength and courage, and are always looking for an excuse to give up study and school forever.

Let us have independence and determination about us, accompanied by earnest efforts, that we may truly paddle our own canoes, and thereby lay a solid foundation upon which we may establish an honest and industrious character, and above all, one that will not be discouraged.

"In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is always the same,
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto: 'Rely on yourself.'
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can go it alone."

Hubbard Tuttle.

TROUBLES.

EVERY one has them. They are of infinite variety. Borrowed troubles, imaginary troubles. What shall we do with them, or rather the most important question is, what shall they do with us? There is a long list of troubles that are mostly woven out of visions of a depressed and distorted imagination. Will we let them hang like sable curtains before the window of the soul and shut out the sunlight and brightness of the heavens, that in reality bend over us full of blessings?

This borrowing trouble is wretched business. There is no better way of getting rid of it than by leaving it. Wake up and say "Good morning!" and forget all about them.

FLOWERS.

Lovely flow'rs of sparkling lustre,
Kissed by kindly orb of day,
Let the joys that round thee cluster
Help us banish gloom away.

Innocent as infant cooing
Love to mother kind and true;
Let us trust as thou art doing,
Let us smile as thou canst do.

Type of peace and love in heaven;
Clad in raiment rich and rare,
Touch our hearts till malice driven
Hides its talons in despair.

Symbol fit of lowly bearing
Teach our hearts to hope and smile;
Help us cherish traits endearing,
Shame our thoughts of passions vile.

Happy, smiling gems of beauty,
Still the tumult in your breast;
Lend us strength to do our duty,
Sooth our souls with peaceful rest.

Bloom, oh bloom to earth attesting,
Perfect peace may dwell below,
Hide us ere we part for wasting
Golden hours that come and go.


J. C.

... THE ...

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**Profanity.**


It is pleasing to hear the statement that profanity is decreasing in the United States. Some newspaper writers make this assertion. We hope it is true. There is great need of reformation in this direction; for there is probably no nation where profanity prevails to a greater extent than in this Republic. President Joseph F. Smith, in a discourse delivered in the early part of the summer at Provo, drew a comparison between the use of profane language in England and the United States, and after years of residence in the foreign country he declared that he had heard the name of the Lord profaned more frequently in this country in a few hours than he had in all the time he had spent in England. This statement is corroborated by others who are familiar with, and have lived and traveled in both countries. Travelers from Europe, in visiting this country, have been shocked at the oaths used, and the familiar manner in which the name of Deity is profaned in America.

In the countries of the old world, especially in Great Britain, it is considered low and vulgar, and exceedingly bad form to use profane language or to swear. No man who considers himself a gentleman will do so; and in good society and among well-bred people in this country the same feeling prevails. Where a gentleman for any reason is betrayed into using language of this

character he feels it incumbent upon him to apologize for doing so, especially if one or more is in the company to whom such expressions are displeasing or offensive. We have heard apologies of this kind offered, and the fact that those who made them deemed them necessary, was a recognition by them of the impropriety and vulgarity of such language.

Many persons who use oaths and swear doubtless think these expressions add force to their statements. But this is a mistake. Simple, earnest language carries conviction with it, and is more impressive than swearing. Truth does not need to be garnished with oaths to be believed. In fact, an oath has the effect to weaken its force, and sometimes it throws doubt and suspicion upon the veracity of the swearer. It is nearly always a bad sign when a person finds it necessary to bolster his assertions in this way, or to resort to swearing to emphasize his language.

Young people cannot be too careful about the use of words. By cultivating a correct style in speaking and writing in early life, they will be saved frequent mortification, and be relieved from the necessity of constantly watching themselves lest they should say something improper.

The Use of Slang.

The use of slang phrases has become very common in these latter days among both sexes. Girls do not use oaths; they do not swear; but many of them indulge in slang. It is heard so often that many do not see any impropriety in it. Becoming so accustomed to its use, slang expressions are dropped in company which give listeners a poor opinion of the young people who use them, and of the manner in which they

have been brought up. In this way, wrong impressions are frequently gained of the young people themselves and their parents. A page might be easily filled with slang expressions often used. You can hear young people, ladies, too, speaking to one another, and using such phrases as "you bet;" "that's too thin;" "what are you giving us;" "give us a rest;" "I should smile," and scores of others very similar. Then among girls the words "awfully" and "lovely," and many others are used frequently and improperly. How often are we told that such and such a thing is "awfully nice;" or "awfully jolly;" or that we had a "lovely time;" or the ice cream was "just lovely."

Now, while the use of these words "lovely" and "awfully" in this manner cannot very well be called slang, still, used in the way we have quoted, they are incorrect and improper and not in good form. Both words are expressive and forceful when applied in the right way; but they are degraded and stripped of their weight, when used in a trifling and frivolous manner. If we use "lovely" to describe a pleasant time or toothsome dish, what word shall we use to describe a character or disposition which we admire in man or woman? We usually say, "she is a lovely woman," or "he has a lovely disposition;" but if in the same breath we were to say, "that soup was lovely," how absurd it would sound!

Children are imitative; they are quick at learning and seizing new or odd expressions. If they hear swearing or vulgar language, they are apt to pick it up, so with slang. For this reason, parents and teachers, and all who are in frequent contact with children, should be careful in their speech. Good style in speaking is learned early in life

and is rarely, if ever, forgotten. So with a careless, bad style.

The style of language used in the family circle, should not only be for home purposes and every day wear; but should be that which can be used in other society and upon state occasions. By being thus trained young people will feel at ease among all cultivated and well-bred people, an advantage which all of them will, sooner or later, learn to appreciate.

WORKING FOR A LIVING.

THE capabilities of the animal creation for earning its own living has probably not been half developed. Ingenious people are all the time devising new methods for turning to good account the native talent of the various domestic animals which are allowed to follow their own sweet will. A big, old house-dog had to churn on Wednesday, on a machine after the tread-mill order. No wonder he hated the task, so he soon learned to tell that day in the week, if no other, and would fly to the woods as soon as morning came. They were obliged to shut him up over night, or do the work themselves. Poor fellow, likely he lay awake half the night thinking about that churning.

An ingenious man who, maybe, was not over-fond of cultivating his garden, thought what a pity it was that a hen's proclivities for scratching could not be utilized in some way. To this end he made a long and narrow coop which would fit between his rows of onions, and in it shut up a few hens every morning. They pretty effectually "cultivated" their narrow strip of land in one day, and on the next were moved along a row. He was pleased with his success, but whether he ever tried hen-power on a larger scale I cannot state.

A gentleman employed a cat to watch his strawberry bed during the season of fruit, and found it exceeded any other contrivance for keeping birds away. He attached a string to her collar, and on the end of it was a ring which was made to slide up and down a long wire stretched the whole length of the bed. She had a range of one side of the bed, and a snug little box for herself and kittens at night. It was only about three weeks she had to stand watch, and she had plenty of fun in scaring the birds, at least, if she did not catch very many.

But one of the most singular devices was that of a good lady in England, who for years has kept a Poll Parrot for a Bible Society collector. Poll sits over the box and solicits funds from all who come that way. She has had three birds in the course of years, and the present one has been in the service eighteen years. Altogether they have collected over two hundred and fifty dollars, which is very well for bird collectors. No wonder the trustees of the Bible Society sent Polly a new cage last year with an appropriate inscription.

Y. M.

DELUSIVE BUOYS.

"EVERY winter the fields of ice that float down from the Hudson River carry several buoys seaward, and thus destroy the marks which render the navigation of the bay safe and easy. Once fairly adrift, the buoys enter upon a roving and mendacious existence, having no other apparent motive than the confusion of honest sea captains. The skipper of a Maine schooner who approaches our coast in December, meets miles out to sea a hollow iron globe, bearing in large letters the delusive legend 'Swash,'

or perhaps 'Frying-pan.' He knows that according to the chart this buoy is to be found only in New York Harbor, but meeting it as he does, when out of sight of land, he is compelled either to abandon his faith in the infallibility of buoys, or to believe, in spite of the evidence of his senses, that he has already passed Sandy Hook. This is a terrible dilemma. If the skipper once permits himself to doubt the veracity of a buoy, he has no security that he can preserve his faith in sextants and chronometers. If he blindly holds fast to the conviction that buoys cannot lie, he may wreck his schooner on Fire Island or Absecon Beach. While he thus shrinks back from the conflict between reason and faith, the mendacious buoy goes merrily on its way, to mock and to muddle other unhappy skippers, leaving its first victim to grope his way blindly into the harbor, where his moral nature receives a second blow on perceiving that even the chart is no longer infallible, and that in places where it asserts that buoys are certain to be found, there is not a vestige of any variety of buoy."

These remarks suggest a train of thought concerning the boys of our country. They are coming daily into the world's arena of action, to lead social lives, to fill business and professional situations, to assist in making our laws. Many of the youths of today will hold important offices in the land; and for an example to follow they naturally look to the prominent men of the day, who have by ability and energy, aided by circumstances, attained honorable position.

With eyes just opening to the promises of life; not yet perceiving the glamour of insincerity and fraud hidden under the cloak of pretension worn by many men who should be above bribery,

high above deception and underhanded knavery: individuals who should scorn to enrich themselves dishonestly by means of the position in which fortune or the nation has placed them. Wearing a face and manner of disinterested and honorable intention, they should be found staunch and immovable as the sea rocks on the shore; which, though beaten and washed by the angry tides of centuries still remain at their posts undismayed. Integrity should dwell deep in the heart, and guide each transaction and speculation hatched 'neath the broad, thoughtful brows of these men.

But, boys, it is not always the case, so when you cast admiring eyes upon apparently straightforward successful men, or adopt their conduct as an example by which to direct your own course, because they seem to your senses all worthy of imitation and leadership, beware lest they be like the buoys alluded to above—drifting about without firmly rooted principles. Beware! lest imperceptibly you follow in their wake until your ambitiously struggling bark glides into the sea of dissipation, tossed about without anchor or compass amid the dangerous waves of fraudulent speculation, loose morals and disastrous habits.

There are high souled men of noble purpose, whose lives would bear the closest scrutiny. Study closely the habits of men; be not altogether won by the words they speak; look closely at motives and actions. These speak louder than words, and if uprightness exist it will proclaim itself.

It is all important that you start aright. You desire to become useful members of society; to be honored by your fellow men because of service to the community of which you form a

member, however lowly or exalted be your place.

Quite as much good is accomplished, many times as great an influence wielded by the man occupying a lowly station, as is exercised by him who attains to the loftiest eminence of power. Did you ever drop a pebble into the river and note the circles widening and extending to a great distance from where the little stone fell? So with the daily actions of our lives—their influence extend far beyond our ken. They creep away to cheer or discourage; to aid in the advancement of good, or to assist in degrading poor, weak fellow mortals. Then again, I say, start from a good foundation, which will grow firmer with years, to sustain a high sense of honor through prosperity or adversity, from youth until the hoary head of age shall crown you with honor. Let no little mariner sailing within the circle of your influence now, or when manhood's strength is yours, be misguided or directed by your example to drift out of his proper course. By kind and honest endeavor assist him to pass the dangerous shoals and quicksands that gather around the path of youthful feet. Let integrity be your guiding star, good will to all sit at the helm, elevating habits furnish your snowy sails, and a Christian life, free from guile, attend your daily walk. Then press on to victory, and delusive boys will not mislead, temptation will be overcome, untruthfulness and dishonesty will hide themselves from your presence, and a successful career will be yours. I do not mean to say that wealth will dwell in your home, nor Fame be your welcome guest, nor applause of men encompass you; although all these you will be more liable to win by an honorable course. But this mode of

life will fashion your character into a beautiful example; a shining light to all who may be associated with you; a power for good that will flow outward from your life into the lives of others, giving strength and encouragement, perhaps, to thousands struggling with temptation and sin.

Be undoubted buoys founded on a rock, triple chained and bolted through, so that no bark entering port where you reside shall have any doubt as regards your honor and reliability. *C. C.*

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Parliament of Religions.

THE "Parliament of Religions" furnishes an opportunity for some of the so-called heathens to give so-called Christians lessons which ought to prove profitable to them. Under the names of Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism they hold up to admiration the doctrines of true Christianity and ask the Christian peoples and nations to respect each other's rights, to love one another, to protect the weak and not use strength and power for purposes of aggrandisement and oppression. It is an interesting spectacle to witness heathen teachers setting forth truly Christian doctrines—truths which lie at the basis of Christianity—before audiences who would be deeply offended if a suspicion were expressed that they were not Christians. and pleading for them to be carried out and given practical effect by Christian nations.

The High Priest of Shinto, Reiichi Shibata, of Japan, in closing his paper made the following appeal.

"Lastly, there is one thought that I wish to offer here. While it is the will of Deity and the aim of all religionists

that all His beloved children on the earth should enjoy peace and comfort in one accord, many countries look still with envy and hatred toward one another, and appear to seek for opportunities of making war under the slightest pretext, with no other aim than of wringing out ransoms or robbing a nation of its lands. Thus, regardless of the abhorrence of the heavenly Deity, they only inflict pain and calamity on innocent people. Now and here my earnest wish is this, that the time should come soon when all nations on the earth will join their armies and navies with one accord, guarding the world as a whole, and thus prevent the terrible wars with each other. They should also establish a supreme court in order to decide the case, when a difference arises between them. In that state no nation will receive unjust treatment from one another, and every nation and every individual will be able to maintain their own rights and enjoy the blessings of providence.

"There will thus ensue, at last, the universal peace and tranquility which seem to be the final object of the benevolent Deity."

One of his countrymen, Kirza Riuge Hirai, in a paper which he read, took pains to let his audience know why Christianity was not so warmly accepted by the Japanese as other religions. He said he especially desired to present this point to the "Parliament."

Christianity, he said, had been widely spread in Japan; but in 1637 the Christian missionaries combined with the converts caused a tragic and bloody rebellion against the government, and the Japanese understood that those missionaries intended to subjugate Japan to their own mother country. This shocked all Japan, and it required a

year to extinguish the rebellion. It was this conduct on the part of Christians, under the disguise of religion, which had inspired Japanese with a hereditary horror and prejudice against the name of Christianity. Had it not been for this, he said, the Japanese might have eagerly embraced that religion. Suspicion and dread also are aroused in the Oriental mind by the fact that Christianity is made an instrument of deprecation; powerful Christian nations gradually encroaching upon the Orient.

He then cited at some length the treaty made with Japan by Commodore Perry on the part of the United States in 1853, etc.: describes how guileless the Japanese were and how they put their full confidence in the Western (or Christian) nations, and without any alteration accepted every article of the treaty presented. Although it was stipulated in this treaty that either of the contracting parties thereto could by giving one year's notice to the other, on or after the 1st of July, 1872, demand a revision thereof, and Japan did give such notice in 1871 and has been constantly requesting it since that time, their demands have been simply ignored by foreign governments upon various pretexts.

Under this treaty the Japanese Government has no judicial power over foreigners in Japan. Such being the case, we who live in Utah can form some idea of what the condition of affairs there must be. The injuries legal and moral which the Japanese are receiving through this are very great. This speaker said these injuries if examined by an unbiased mind would prove astonishing. He further said:

"Among many kinds of wrongs there are some which were utterly unknown before and entirely new to us heathen,

none of whom will dare to speak of them even in private conversation."

In this modest way he alludes to the frightful sexual wrongs inflicted upon the Japanese people by the foreigners—Christians—and which because of the treaty the government is unable to restrain or punish. Can it be a cause of wonder that Japanese thinkers can entertain no admiration for a system of religion which, to their eyes, produces such fruits?

I make the following extract from his remarks, as a synopsis of it would not do him justice. He said:

"Would not the people of America and Europe think they were trampled upon and their rights ignored if they were denied the application of their judicial power over those cases which occur at home? Would not the Western nations be indignant and consider that they were deprived of independence if they were compelled to renounce their rightful custom duty? I read in the eastern books and papers all sorts of treatises regarding human rights and right of state, and also I see innumerable works in which profound ethical reason based on the altruistic sentiment is earnestly argued to promote human happiness. Again, I observe numerous churches of Christianity and their members, together with the rest of the nation who are sincerely toiling toward the advancement of human good. While I admire this placing of so much importance on these topics I do not understand why the Christian lands have ignored the rights of the 40,000,000 souls of Japan for forty years since the stipulation of the treaty.

"You send your missionaries to Japan, and they advise us to be moral and believe Christianity. We like to be moral. We know that Christianity is good, and we are very thankful for this kindness.

But, at the same time, our people are very much perplexed and somewhat in doubt about their advice. For when we think that the treaty stipulated in the time of feudalism, when we are yet in our youth, is still clung to by the powerful nations of Christendom; when we find that every year a good many Western vessels of seal fisheries are smuggled into our seas; when legal cases are always decided by the foreign authorities in Japan unfavorably to us; when some years ago a Japanese was not allowed to enter a university on the Pacific coast of America because of his being of a different race; when a few months ago the school board in San Francisco enacted a regulation that no Japanese should be allowed to enter the public school there; when last year the Japanese were driven out in wholesale from one of the territories of the United States of America; when our business men in San Francisco were compelled by some union not to employ the Japanese assistants as laborers, but the Americans; when there are some in the same city who speak on the platform against those of us who are already here; when there are many who go in procession hoisting lanterns marked 'Jap must go;' when the Japanese in the Hawaiian islands were deprived of their suffrage; when we see some Western people in Japan who erect before the entrance of their houses a special post upon which is the notice 'No Japanese is allowed to enter here,' just like a board upon which is written 'No dogs allowed;' when we are in such a situation, notwithstanding the kindness of the Western nations from one point of view who sent their missionaries to us, that we unintelligent heathens are embarrassed and hesitate to swallow the sweet and warm liquid

of the heaven of Christianity, will not be unreasonable. If such are the Christian ethics, well, we are perfectly satisfied to be heathen."

He told his audience that whether Buddhism is called Christianity or Christianity is called Buddhism; whether they were called Confucianists or Shintoists, they were not particular; but they were very particular about the truth taught and its consistent application. The consistency of doctrine and conduct was the point on which, he said, the Japanese put the greatest importance; and they would never cast away their prejudice concerning Christianity until the inconsistency which they observe is removed and the unjust treaty to which he referred is revised upon an equitable basis, however much eloquent orators may speak the truth of Christianity from the pulpit.

He closed by saying:

"If any religion urges the injustice of humanity, I will oppose it with my blood and soul. I will be the bitterest dissenter from Christianity or I will be the warmest admirer of its gospels. We, the 40,000,000 souls of Japan, standing firmly and persistently upon the basis of international justice, we await still further manifestations as to the morality of Christianity."

If the object of this "Parliament of Religions" is to bring about a better understanding of the religions of the world, to become familiar with the views of the various peoples and thereby secure greater harmony, then this paper of Kirza Riuge Hirai is a valuable contribution and one that should be very welcome. He holds the mirror up to professed Christians. He enables the American people to look at themselves as a Christian nation. He tells us plainly how he and his countrymen

view our treatment of his country. He gives us an illustrated lesson upon our inconsistency. And is it not true? That is the shame of it. It is too true. What is the use of sending Christian missionaries to convert the Japanese when at the same time they are treated in America in such a manner and in Japan are so wronged? If they were not intelligent, and did not know of the treatment they receive in this country and at home, they might willingly listen and, perhaps, believe. But the Japanese are an acute shrewd intelligent and educated people in intellect not inferior to the Anglo-Saxon. They cannot reconcile the professions with the conduct of Christians and they naturally think their own religion to be the better.

This paper of Kirza Ringe Hirai is not without its profit to us as Latter-day Saints. We make high-sounding professions. Do they correspond with our conduct? Are we consistent? In our treatment of others especially those not of our faith or whom we may think of inferior races to ourselves do we carry into practical effect our professions and teachings? These are questions each of us can ask himself.

The Editor.

HORACE GREELEY.

THERE arises before us the large, benevolent features of Horace Greeley. Such a pleasant face, and so full of character the broad, high, full forehead, and keenly pleasant eye. Some boy, while reading the biography of this self-made man, must gird up his young soul in strength and exclaim:

"Why may not I press on over stumbling blocks and difficulties, and win a name and success in life?"

You may—you can. There is no patent on nobility in this free land, my

boy; you have got to climb up no genealogical tree with "who was the son of Henry, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Nathan," and so on to gain eminence. America searches for no remote pedigree: she is not partial to elder sons nor heirs: wherever the active body and energetic mind wills to go, with God's blessing they can go.

The Greeleys were not universally rich, by any means. Horace was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3rd, 1811. He was the third of seven children. His father's farm as not fertile, besides being mortgaged; and it was a wearisome struggle to support the family and meet the interest on the debts. Horace remembered that almost as soon as he could walk about the farm, he was employed in picking up stones, and, doubtless, many a little boy today will agree with him, that there was no fun in this occupation.

Horace, in his autobiography says, the task was never-ending, for clean them off as nicely as you pleased one year, the next plowing turned them up as thickly as ever, in sizes varying from a hickory nut to a tea-kettle.

Whether it was natural instinct, or due to the stone-picking, the historian says not, but Horace disliked farm life.

He learned to read before he could talk plainly, his mother being his teacher. She was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and she dearly loved poetry and music, and had an inexhaustible fund of song and ballads and stories, which she would repeat to her boy as she turned her spinning wheel or held him on her knee. Horace would listen to them with eagerness, and they served to awaken in him a thirst for knowledge and an interest in literature and history.

When he was four years old, he could

read common books correctly. When about this age he went to visit his mother's father, with whom he lived for three or more years, attending school much of the time. He learned rapidly, and was noted for his proficiency in spelling.

When Horace was six years old his father removed to a larger farm in the town of Bedford. The boy was now recalled from his grandfather's to assist the family upon the new place. Here he spent the next four years, and only securing what schooling the intervals of labor allowed. Here he began to learn that there is a great deal of hard work to be done in the world. He was frequently called out of bed at dawn to ride a horse to plow among the corn; full often was he kept at this job until the forenoon's school was half done. He had more chance to go to school in winter, but with the intense cold, the biting wind and deep snows, it was hard work to attend with any regularity.

The simple little newspaper, taken in his father's family, gave Horace the idea that a great world, with human beings, like a tide ebbing and flowing through it lay beyond the grey New Hampshire hills, and sometime he must take his place in it.

Eagerly he devoured the contents of each issue of the paper, and, some way, he conceived the idea of being a printer. One day, as he watched a blacksmith in Bedford shoe a horse, the man, who was a friend to the boy, asked him if he would not like to learn the trade. "No," said Horace, "I am going to be a printer."

When Horace was about ten years old, his father removed to Vermont. At the head of Lake Champlain the family began life anew. For several years more our hero worked hard and fared poorly,

but he was happy, for he had at last drifted into a locality where he could borrow and read newspapers and books. His hungry mind feasted, as it were, upon a sumptuous repast. By gathering nuts, and pine knots for kindling, which he disposed of at the stores, and by hunting wild bees he secured small sums of money which he invested in books. No king upon the throne was so happy as the boy, when by his own economy and planning he had purchased some coveted new volume.

When he was eleven years old, he heard that an apprentice was wanted in the printing office at Whitehall. With his father's consent, he started off to walk the nine miles to the place, but he was rejected because of his extreme youth. This vicinity was noted at that time for its dissipation. So amazed, astonished and disgusted was Horace with the coarse barbarism which he beheld, that an utter abhorrence of obscenity and drunkenness filled his mind ever after.

At the age of fifteen, seeing an advertisement for a printer's boy in the office of *The Northern Spectator*, published at East Poultney, Vermont, eleven miles from home, he asked leave of his father to try for the situation. He obtained it, and on the 18th of April, 1826, he began his apprenticeship in the *Spectator* office. He was to receive his board only for the first six months, after that his board and forty dollars a year for clothing. Soon after this Horace's father removed to the town of Wayne, Erie County, Pa. For four years Horace worked faithfully at his trade. His employers were kind, but he was kept very busy. What leisure time he had was devoted to reading and improvement of his mind, and he became a leading member of the village debating society. He was firm, but courteous in his demeanor, frank,

even-tempered and popular. He was never treated as a boy, but his opinion was weighed as that of a man of judgment. His little income of forty dollars a year was carefully husbanded, and out of it he clothed himself and sent the rest to his father.

In the year 1830, the *Spectator* office was closed, and Horace was thrown out of employment. With his scanty wardrobe and but eleven dollars in his pocket, he set out to visit his family, obtaining employment on the way in the office of the Democratic paper published at Sodus, N. Y. Here his wages were eleven dollars a month; but later in the year he obtained fifteen dollars a month in a printing office at Erie, Pennsylvania. So thorough was he in his work, that his employers offered him a partnership. Fortunately he declined it, for a dull season setting in soon after, worked unfavorably with the publishers.

Then Horace conceived the idea of seeking occupation in New York. Generously dividing his earnings with his father, he started off, making part of his journey on foot, and partly by canal and Hudson River steamer. He landed in New York August 17th, 1831. Poor, unknown, and awkward in appearance—we can picture him, frail and boyish—another young David going bravely out to fight a gigantic army of difficulties.

How the rush and the roar, the clatter and clang, the shrieking of locomotives, the jar of machinery, the incoming and out-going of the human tide awed and disheartened him. Within a circle of two hundred miles he knew no human being, and his unpolished address was a drawback to finding remunerative employment.

How often does the world go tramping over the pure gold unknowingly, because there is a sifting of dust on the

surface that conceals the treasure within.

With all his personal estate tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, there was nothing to trammel the lightness of his step as he walked ashore, glad to be rid of the sibilant hissing of the escaping steam, perhaps fancying it something like the way the world would meet him now that he had fairly come upon the stage of action.

He soon found a cheap boarding-place, and as his funds were limited to the sum of ten dollars, he began an immediate search for employment. It was the dull, mid-summer season, and his young appearance and embarrassed manner was not in his favor. For two days he traveled incessantly, and was told, at least one time, that he was probably a runaway country apprentice.

Disheartened and disgusted, Horace resolved to leave the city the next day after he was accused of being a runaway, but he learned from a chance visitor at the boarding-house, that John T. West, in Chatham street, was in need of a workman. He applied for and obtained the place, just because no other printer in the city would accept the situation, simply from the fact that the work was very difficult, being the composition of a miniature Testament with copious marginal notes.

Our hero had his job mostly alone, but he persevered and completed it, but so difficult was the work that he could barely earn a dollar a day. When the task was completed, Mr. West had no further use for him, and he was again without work for a short time. After a while he entered the office of Porter's *Spirit of the Times*, a new sporting paper, where he was paid fair wages. He won the friendship of Mr. Francis V. Story, the foreman of the office, who shortly after induced Horace to enter into a

partnership with him in an office of their own.

Hiring two rooms, the new firm invested their small capital in printing material, and took such job printing as they could get, but their main dependence was the printing of Sylvester's *Bank Note Reporter*, and the publishing of the *Morning Post*, a daily penny paper, started by Dr. H. D. Shepard. But in a few weeks it proved a failure under Shepard's superintendence; afterwards it was bought by an Englishman, who, at least, managed to pay the printers' bills, and the young firm was beginning to get along well, when Mr. Story came to an untimely death by drowning.

Mr. Jonas Winchester, brother-in-law of Mr. Story, took his place, and by hard and persistent struggling a fair business was established. In March, 1834, Mr. Greeley and his partner began issuing a weekly paper called *The New Yorker*, which was devoted to literature and current news. Mr. Winchester attended to the business department. Mr. Greeley was sole editor. This publication was ably conducted for seven years and a half, then followed the panic of 1837, and the credit system was disastrous to this periodical. In 1838, while Mr. Greeley was conducting *The New Yorker*, he became editor also of a campaign paper—*The Jeffersonian*—in the interest of the Whig party of the State of New York. This paper ran up to a circulation of 15,000 copies, and Greeley received a salary of \$1,000. In 1840, during the Harrison campaign, he published *The Log Cabin*, another paper on the plan of *The Jeffersonian*. This last publication met with unexpected success from the start, the first number attaining a sale of 16,000 copies. It was Horace's own paper, and was a profitable enterprise. After election it

merged into a family newspaper, and finally developed, or was re-christened, the *Weekly Tribune*.

It had always been the darling ambition of Horace Greeley's life to be at the head of a first-class newspaper in New York. His *New York Tribune* was small at first, and sold for a cent a copy. It began its career with 600 subscribers, and a capital of \$1000 borrowed money. The first edition of 10,000 copies proved a hard job to dispose of on any terms. But fortunately, the *Sun* assumed the position of rabid critic, with intent to crush the young aspirant for popularity to death. Mr. Greeley showing fight, a pretty quarrel ensued, and the public became interested, and the *Tribune* was brought into notice. Thomas McElrath was induced to become a partner in the enterprise, and a successful career was entered upon. No matter about his politics—it is evident that Horace Greeley had the welfare and morality of the mass of mankind at heart, and if he made mistakes—who does not make them—it was through errors of judgment and not of heart. Let us have Mr. Greeley's aspirations as interpreted by himself:

"Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is eventually oblivion; and yet I hope that the journal which I have projected and established, may flourish long after I have mouldered back to dust. May it be ready to discern the right, and defend it at whatever cost."

In 1848, Mr. Greeley was elected to Congress; but there he was out of his sphere, being a born journalist, and in adhering to his natural calling lay his hopes of success.

Besides his editorial labors, he pub-

lished several books. His arduous routine of labor showed that he preferred wearing out to rusting out; but a warmer or more generous heart is seldom found beating outside of a woman's breast, so delicate and refined were his sympathies for the sorrowing and unfortunate.

We grieve over his sad latter days. The death of his beloved wife, followed closely by the abuse and slander of political opponents, so wounded his sensitive heart and mind, that as his bodily strength gave way, mild insanity ensued, and the kind father, generous friend, and sympathetic benefactor passed beyond the confines of earthly life November 29th, 1872, in the sixty-second year of his age. "Peace to his ashes."

M. J. Cummings.

CURIOUS CHANCES.

A VERSAILLES wine-shop keeper was at work in his cellar, when suddenly the ground gave way, and he fell into what was at first thought to be a well; but on lights being brought, the hole was found to be the entrance to another wine-cellar, containing some of the best vintages of France and Spain. The Archaeologists of Versailles were aroused; and their examination proved that this mysterious subterranean wine-cellar formed part of the Pavillon du Rendezvous, which Louis XV. annexed to the Pare-aux-Cerfs, about which so many queer things are related by the court chroniclers of the period. The wine is said to have attracted connoisseurs from all parts. A farmer in the neighborhood of Tavistock was as lucky in another way. In repairing an old mahogany secretaire, knocked down to him at auction, he discovered a secret

drawer containing forty sovereigns, a gold enameled ring, and a lot of securities for money, one of which was a certificate for five hundred pounds in three per cent. consols. An old scrap of paper dated 1700 led to the belief that forty guineas had originally been placed there, but had been taken out in modern times and replaced by the sovereigns.

A French lady not long since frequently missed some of her valuables in a most unaccountable manner. One day her servant fell down stairs and was severely hurt. On acting the good Samaritan and pouring oil into her wounds, the mistress was astonished to find all her lost jewels in the pocket of her maid, who, it seems, had all the time been the culprit. How much oftener accidents contribute to the loss of money scarcely needs comment; but the manner in which a gentleman lost all his winnings at play is worth repetition, as an instance of the fickleness of fate. He had won nine hundred pounds at the "green table" at Monaco, and was only waiting for his laundress to bring his dozen shirts home before he should quit the place. The laundress, however, did not turn up at the appointed time, and to while away the hours he went into the Casino. Of course he played—and not only lost all he had already won, but twelve hundred pounds besides, which made him heartily wish he had left the shirts behind, that cost him one hundred pounds apiece for the washing.

Among those who have been most remarkably affected by accidental surprises are the deaf and dumb, and tales of unknown antiquity relate how speech or hearing has been recovered or improved in this way. As a case in point: About 1750 a merchant of Cleves

named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. This accident was a happy one, for Jorissen soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood placed against his teeth, the other end of which was placed against the speaker's teeth, not only to keep up a conversation, but to understand the least whisper. Other cures have been brought about less by skill than by accidental circumstances. There is the story of a Frenchman who, through a sword-wound received in a duel, suffered from internal abscesses, which forced him to walk in a stooping posture. Some time after, becoming engaged in another affair of honor, this time with pistols, the bullet of his adversary chanced to pass exactly through the abscesses caused by the former wound, which, making them discharge, not only relieved him from the stoop, but caused him to walk with rather a stiff carriage ever afterward.

Not only have some of the ills to which human flesh is heir been cured by accident, but life itself has been preserved from destruction by the same means. Lives are often lost by accident, it is true; but how they have also been saved by the chance detention of passengers from traveling in ships or trains that have afterward become wrecked is well known. The writer can testify to the escape of a sailor from what is called a watery grave, owing to Jack happening to be tipsy, and incapable of taking his place in a boat putting off to a wreck on the Isle of Man coast, when invited by his companions

to take an oar. The boat put off without him, and its crew were all drowned. When a crowd collected on the banks of the St. Martin Canal, in France, not long since, it was a lucky thing that a man who lived near was urged by his wife to go and see what was the matter.

Upon arriving on the scene of action he learned that a child had fallen into the water and disappeared. Being an expert swimmer, he lunged into the spot, marked by a few bubbles, and rescued his own son, a lad aged eight, who in playing had slipped over the bank.

G. H.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS.

It's no wonder that men do not succeed in business more than they do: the wonder is that they succeed so well. They would not, if there were any better men to take their places. Men, as a rule, do not throw their whole soul and mind into an ordinary business; they generally aspire to something greater and thereby lose all chances of success. I will relate a little case in point:

Twenty years ago there was a man in Chrystie Street, New York City, who opened an oyster stand. He simply cooked his oysters in a little better style than at other oyster places. At the bottom of each dish he placed a nicely toasted bit of bread, and turned the well cooked stew over it. His place was marvelously clean; he attended to the business himself, with scrupulous care in every appointment. Success of course, crowned his efforts. I have myself walked three-quarters of a mile with friends to partake of his extraordinary stews. Three years ago he retired with \$250,000.

Scarcely a day passes now without some person starting an oyster saloon. Considerable expense is incurred to fit them up very nicely; but then they are untidy, table cloths are dirty, oysters are poorly cooked by inexperienced hands, and in a year or so they fail—and it is no wonder. Many years ago Stewart started a little thread and needle store, and being anxious to succeed he bethought to introduce at regular distances before his counters cushioned stools, upon which ladies could rest themselves while shopping. Many in passing the store went in and took a seat, in those primitive days, to rest a moment, but always bought something before they went out. He succeeded, and no wonder. The wealth he acquired was estimated to be sixty millions. This same sort of enterprise he followed up afterwards—a little ahead of his competitors in everything.

Young men, if you wish to succeed in any enterprise excel in what you undertake. It is not a hard task where there are so many laggards. Most men think it only necessary to open a store and customers will flock in. It is not so; you must be excelsior. It's the little extra things that tell. I might cite hundreds of cases coming under my own observation. There was a tailor that commenced business in Rochester eighteen years ago. His name has slipped my memory. He gave better fits than anyone else; there was a certain superior style to all his garments. His shop was a pattern of neatness; his large glass windows were the first introduced in that city; they were daily cleaned and shone like the best French glass. I saw a little notice in one of the city's daily papers the other day, saying that he had retired on \$200,000 and upwards. Had that shop been

untidy he would have failed long ago, and never been heard of.

I can guarantee success to any young man who will receive these suggestions and follow them out, adding from time to time all his mind will suggest. Once started on this plan it will grow with his growth, until it becomes an inherent principle.

M. A. C.

THE BOY ASTRONOMER.

THE first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell you about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's center. This was about the year 1635.

Often on midsummer nights, the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first

of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who, like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming of the day when the transit should fulfil the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disc on the paper, he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly the church bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church bells as a call from heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church bells rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator, to see the wonderful things the Creator has made."

So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper, and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the only image of the planet Venus. It

crept slowly along the bright center, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two.

Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European Governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.

W. G. G.

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.

TAKE goodness, with the average intellectual power, and compare it with mere greatness of intellect and social standing, and it is far the nobler quality; and if God should offer me one of them, I would not hesitate which to choose. No, the greatest intellect which God ever bestowed I would not touch if I were bid to choose between that and the goodness of an average woman: I would scorn it and say, "Give it to Lucifer; give me the better gift." When I say goodness is greater than greatness, I mean to say, it gives a deeper and serener joy in the private heart, joins men more tenderly to one another, and more earnestly to God. I honor intellect, reason and understanding. I wish we took ten times more pains to cultivate them than we do. I honor greatness of mind—great reason, which intuitively sees truth, great laws, and the like; great understanding, which learns special laws and works in detail; the understanding that masters things for use and beauty; that can marshal

millions of men into an organization that shall last for centuries. I once coveted such power, and am not wholly free from the madness of it yet. I see its use. I hope I am not ignorant of the joys of science and letters; I am not of the pursuit of these. I bow reverently before the men of genius, and sit gladly at their feet. But the man who sees justice and does it, who knows love and lives it, who has a great faith and trusts in God—let him have a mind quite inferior, and culture quite a little. I must yet honor and reverence that man far more than he who has the greatest power of intellect. I know that knowledge is power, and reverence it; but justice is a higher power, and love is a manlier power, and religion is a diviner power, each greater than the mightiest mind.

Theodore Parker.

TO BOYS AWAY FROM HOME.

Boys away from home, let me give you one direction that will add greatly to the happiness of the dear ones you have left, and not do you a mite of harm. Write them a good, warm-hearted letter every week. Especially if your mother is living, don't be forgetful of this duty. You can never know the thousand anxious thoughts that go out after you every day, almost every hour, nor how greatly your letters alleviate that anxiety; yet so many sons are so forgetful! I know one man who was engaged in business in a distant city, who allowed the years to slip by without writing directly to his aged mother until five years had passed. Then the neglected mother also passed away, and all regrets were useless. It was not because he did not love his mother, but because one day slipped by after another, full

of its cares and business, and he simply put off the duty until he could make no amends if he would.

"Why, I don't have anything to write about," says one lad; "nothing is ever happening that would be of interest."

Everything about her boy is of interest to the watching, waiting mother at home. All the little details of his every day life, the room he occupies, the furniture it contains, the family with whom he boards, and, above all is she deeply anxious concerning the associations he forms, and the way in which his leisure hours and evenings are passed. Depend upon it, when these last are of a kind he cannot put in a home letter, they are not of the right sort. Young men he would not think fit to introduce to his sister, are poor associates for him. Bear this in mind when forming new associations, and it will help you in your choice.

In order that you may not neglect this filial duty, set apart a stated evening for the purpose. It will be a pleasant thing at home to always have a stated day on which to look for your letters, and in this, as in everything else, system is an excellent plan. You may, if you like better, keep a sheet open, on which you can jot down a thought, or two as you have time or feel inclined, but it is best to have a regular day for mailing your letters.

I have not spoken of the improvement to yourself of this habit of letter-writing, but nothing else can give you the same care and facility of expression in writing and it will be an accomplishment which will do you great credit all through your life, and be a means of much profit also. A good letter, well written, can often advance your interests better than any letter of recommendation a friend can give you.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL was the youngest son of Judge Webster and his second wife. He was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782. He was a delicate, sickly boy, and his father, early perceiving that his son was likely to be physically unfitted for severe bodily labor, therefore sought to give him an education that would allow of his entering some of the professions.

The schools in that part of New Hampshire at that time were poor, yet at one of these young Daniel received the rudiments of his education. He was noted as a correct and fluent reader at an early age, otherwise he exhibited no unusual talent. He delighted in the boyish pastimes of fishing, hunting and playing. He was obliged to assist in running his father's saw-mill, which he has since affirmed, was the best school that he ever attended. He would take his book with him, and when the saw had been set and the water turned on, he was sure of fifteen minutes of quiet before the log would need his attention, and these intervals were given to his book.

They possessed but few volumes: these were read and re-read until they were learned by heart. There was also a small public library from which he derived considerable benefit.

Mr. Webster intended making a school-teacher of Daniel, and finding that he had advanced in his studies beyond the scope of the district school, he was sent to the Academy at Exeter. Here he made rapid progress, but could not overcome his natural timidity.

At the end of the first month the tutor made this remark:

"Webster, you will pass into the other room and join a higher class. Boys," he added, to young Daniel's

classmates, "bid Webster adieu, you will never see him again."

Judge Webster, not being able to give his son a thorough course at Exeter, Daniel, ere long, was called home and placed in the family of Rev. Samuel Wood, of the neighboring town of Boscawen. The whole charge for board and tuition was one dollar a week.

Daniel's father was so well pleased with his progress at Exeter that he determined to tax every energy in order to send the young fellow to college.

While on one of their rides to Boscawen, his father made known his intentions. "I remember," says Webster, in after years, "the very hill which we were ascending, through deep snow, in a New England sleigh, when my father told me what he proposed doing. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family and such a small income, think of incurring so great an expense for me. A warm glow ran through my pulses, and I leaned my head upon my father's shoulder, and wept with deep emotion."

For a year and a half Daniel studied manfully under Mr. Wood's supervision, and then entered the Freshman Class of Dartmouth College, engaging to make up his deficiency by extra study. He spent four years—a faithful student—in college.

He was fond of Latin, and learned it so well that in after years he read the Roman authors with pleasure. Greek and mathematics he cared nothing about; but he was an indefatigable reader, and it was from the college library, rather than from his text books, that he derived the most of his learning. History and English literature were his favorite reading through life. Biography, also, he particularly admired. While at Dartmouth, much of his timidity disappeared, so that he was able to

take a part in the Society debates. Here he won distinction, and when but eighteen years of age he delivered a Fourth of July oration, which was spoken of as an admirable effort for so young a man.

During college vacations, Daniel taught school to lighten the load of expense resting upon his father. His earnings, in part, were devoted to another purpose. He was deeply attached to his brother Ezekiel, and he was ambitious that he, too, should enter upon a collegiate course.

It was with some difficulty that Daniel won his father's consent to this plan. Toil and hardships had brought infirmities upon the Judge, and he also was much in debt, and depending mainly upon his salary of four hundred a year as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for the support of his remaining family. His other sons were married, and had families of their own, and Mr. Webster was almost involuntarily leaning upon Ezekiel as the staff of his declining years, and for the support of himself and wife and two unmarried daughters.

But, without doubt, Daniel made an irresistible plea, for after a whole night's conversation with his father, the cordial assent was gained.

The Judge lived only for his children, and was willing to sacrifice his property for their benefit. But there were mother and sisters. They, too, must be consulted.

Said the generous, trusting mother: "I have lived long enough in this world, and have been happy in my children. If, therefore, Daniel and Ezekiel will promise me to care for my old age, I will gladly consent to the sale of all of our property, that they may enjoy what remains after the debt has been paid."

Here the whole family was affected

to tears; but the full sacrifice was not demanded, because part of Daniel's earnings helped defray the expenses of his brother's studies while preparing for college. After leaving college, Daniel devoted himself to the study of the law until his father's waning health showed him the necessity of obtaining paying employment to aid in the support of the family. He sought for and obtained the place of Principal of the Academy at Freyburg, Maine, at a salary of three hundred and fifty dollars a year. Out of this he must pay two dollars a week for board. In order to increase his slender income he devoted his evenings to copying deeds—a labor which he detested—and earned money enough, in this way, to allow of the greater part of his salary to go to pay Ezekiel's expenses. Daniel was poor. His clothing was threadbare and out at the heels, but with keen perceptions as to the ludicrous, even in his own poverty-stricken affairs, he never lost the rare and vivacious manner so peculiar to him. After closing his engagement at Freyburg, he went back to his legal studies, but his little hoard of money was soon spent, and he went to Boston to try and find employment. He had but one acquaintance in that town, Dr. Cyrus Perkins, then a struggling young physician, who had opened a private school to enable him to live while he was establishing himself in his profession. When Dr. Perkins thought himself in good enough practice to dispense with his school-teaching, Daniel hastened home to secure Ezekiel's services for the vacant situation. The Faculty at Dartmouth allowed him to assume the charge without sundering his connection with the college, on condition of his keeping up with his class by private study, a condition which he faithfully fulfilled.

Ezekiel acquitted himself so well in the avocation that he not only supported himself, but was able to aid Daniel to come back to finish his legal studies.

When Daniel, at his brother's summons, left home to return. Boston too go on with his schooling, he was almost penniless, and had no acquaintances in the town but the doctor and his brother. He hardly knew what to do. He could not remain idle.

To Christopher Gore, an eminent lawyer of Massachusetts—afterwards Governor of the State and U. S. Senator—who had just returned to Boston from London, where he had resided as U. S. Agent under Jay's Treaty, the young man applied for the situation of law-student and clerk. Gore was settling down to practice his profession when, as Webster narrates, a young man as little known to the great lawyer as Daniel himself, undertook the task of introduction. Webster spoke of his shocking embarrassment, as he briefly but frankly explained his circumstances, after apologizing for the unwarrantable intrusion upon a stranger. He spoke of his wishes, hopes and ambitions, offering to send to New Hampshire for letters to confirm his statements. The great lawyer heard him through with good nature, questioned and talked with him for half an hour, and finished by taking him at his word, and engaged him on the spot.

He stayed and studied and worked for Mr. Gore some nine months, attending the courts, studying chiefly in Common Law, but tracing it back to its sources in the old Latin and Norman-French. After leaving Mr. Gore, or rather, just before completing his legal studies, he was offered the clerkship in his father's court with a good salary, but his patron set his face steadily

against his accepting it, and urged him to persevere and finish the course at any sacrifice. Daniel yielded to Mr. Gore's argument, and not long after was admitted to the bar in the Court of Common Pleas in Boston. His patron prophesied future eminence for the young aspirant of legal fame, and his predictions proved correct.

The next year after commencing practice, Webster was admitted to the Bar of the Superior Court of New Hampshire.

Then his father died, cutting the bonds, as it were, that held young Webster to his native town, and he resigned his growing practice there to Ezekiel, while he removed to Portsmouth. Here he came in contact with the ablest men of the age, men who had arrived to great eminence in their profession, yet who recognized the talent in Daniel Webster that placed him as a worthy co-laborer among them. It was here while contending with formidable rivals, that Webster developed the prowess of a mighty intellect.

Mr. Webster, in 1808, married Grace Fletcher. She bore him three sons and a daughter. But one of these, Fletcher Webster, survived him, and he fell at the head of his regiment at the second battle of Bull Run.

In 1812, Webster was elected to the House of Representatives. This Congress is conspicuous in our history for the number of great men who served in the Lower House—Clay, Calhoun, Lowndes, Pickering, Gaston and Forsyth. Among these giants, Mr. Webster sat as an equal. When he delivered his first speech in the house, his hearers were taken by storm. Competent judges foretold that he would be one of the most prominent statesmen in America. After this he was elected to Congress.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Gleanings.

ONE bright summer morning little Lula and Melvin Benson, as usual, started to go to school.

Little Melvin had not been feeling well on this particular morning; but being fearful that his mamma would think it unwise to go to school, he said nothing to her. After they had gone some distance the little fellow became much worse: in fact he was too ill to return home, neither could he go farther.

At first the children knew not what to do, as Melvin still insisted on attending school. Finally little Lula, with brightened face, as if she had a good idea, exclaimed to a little playmate who had joined them in their walk: "Benny, we might lay hands on him and ask God to heal him."

Little Melvin quickly expressing a desire that this be done, took off his hat while the other children laid their hands upon his head and offered up prayer in behalf of their sick little companion that he might be made well to attend school. In an instant the sick feeling left him; he went on his way merry and happy with the rest.

It was during intermission at noon that I was able to glean the foregoing, but I assure you it was not without some little diplomacy, as they are very unassuming little children.

To me it seemed a touching little incident, worthy of record. I almost imagine I see before me little Lula's large, questioning and very expressive blue eyes as she bravely acknowledged the hand of God in restoring her little

brother to health and strength. May the Spirit of God rest with them, even in greater abundance as they grow older, that they may still continue to look to their Father for divine aid at all times.

LITTLE Angie and Elmer, standing on the veranda of the old Forest Farm house one evening:

"Angie—Oh, Elmer, just see the new moon!" "Elmer (very indignantly)—It is not a new moon; it is the same moon we have always seen."

Ida Haag.

The Pelican.

THE subject of this essay is a very large water fowl, about two feet high, with a chunky body, white in color, excepting a stripe of black extending across the wings. Its neck is long, head properly proportioned, bill broad, and sometimes fourteen inches in length.

Its wings sometimes measure six or seven feet from tip to tip. Extending from underneath the bill to part way down the neck is a large bag or pouch, in which water and food are stored when making journeys.

A gentleman once killed a pelican and found in its pouch a five pound fish. The legs of this bird are short, and the feet are webbed. In all parts of our country (of course near bodies of water) this peculiar bird is found.

Its nest is built on small islands or patches of earth in ponds or lakes. Four weeks pass away before the little pelicans are hatched.

They fly in flocks, sometimes as many as a hundred, but usually twenty or thirty. Up straight they go, and then

round and round in a circle. Many times people have thought they heard a band playing, but on looking far above their heads they could see a flock of pelicans. And what do you suppose made the music? It was the pelicans singing.

David Bagley.

Be Thankful.

THE following is from a missionary who is laboring in Great Britain:

Children, shall I tell you a story, a true one? I am acquainted with a family, seven in number. The man is a collier, and was out of work. After he had been out of work several days they had no food to eat, as the family had no income. Had it not been for neighbors they might have starved to death. I was in their house one day and they had very little to eat, when the mother came rushing in the house from the back door with a stray pigeon she had caught in the yard.

"What have you got? A pigeon?" said the husband.

"Yes," she replied; "we can sell it, and it will be enough to buy us another day's food. Providence has sent it to us."

This is only one instance of thousands that can be related which occur in old England. The little children in this family used to go to Sunday school, but their father told me they could not go now, as their clothes were too ragged.

Children, should you not be thankful that you have plenty to eat and drink, and nice clothes to wear? You certainly should and ought never to miss attending Sunday school. Then the Lord will love you.

R. A.

ROB CRAIG'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

THE house seemed very still that morning. Father Craig had gone to Boston on the early train, and Mother Craig had been called from her breakfast to go to Aunt Phebe Perry, who was surely going to die this time. But Rob did not mind being left. As soon as his breakfast was well swallowed he took his rifle out on the south porch to give it a cleaning, for he had laid out a famous day's sport.

His mother always looked very sober when the rifle was brought out, for her tender heart was sorely hurt when any little thing came to harm through it; but Rob's favorite uncle had sent it to him the Christmas before and his father approved of it as one of the ways to make a boy manly. So his mother said very little except now and then to plead gently the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

So Rob sat there rubbing and cleaning, whistling merrily and thinking of the squirrel's nest he knew of and the rabbit tracks of which Johnny Boullard had told him. He whistled so shrilly that presently a broad-brimmed hat appeared around the corner of the house. There was a little girl under the hat but you didn't see her at first.

"Sh! Robbie," she said holding up a small fore-finger. "Amy Louise is dreadful bad with her head and I'm trying to get her to sleep."

"Why don't you put a plantain leaf on her head? Plantain's prime for headaches," said Rob.

"Would you please get me one Robbie?" pleaded the trusting little body. "Mamma said for me not to go away from the house and Nora is cross this morning."

Time was precious just then; but this one sister was very dear. So laying

down his rifle, Rob ran over to the meadow across the road and brought back a huge plantain leaf which he bound carefully upon the head of Amy Louise, quite extinguishing that suffering doll, but to the infinite content of the little girl. Then he went back to the porch, and took up his rifle again, looking admiringly at the shining barrel and polished stock.

"Now, Mr. Squirrel," he said, "look out for yourself, for I'll have a crack at you presently."

And he leaned back against the side of the porch to plan his route; for the day was too hot for any unnecessary steps. Just then he heard a click, and looked around straight into the barrel of another rifle.

"My!" said Rob. "That's a pretty careless thing to do."

But the big man holding the rifle did not move, and kept his finger on the trigger. He was a stranger to Rob, and under the circumstances, the most unpleasant one he had ever met.

"Will you please lower your gun! You might shoot me," said Rob, trying to speak bravely, but with a queer feeling under his jacket.

"That's what I came for," said the man.

"Came to shoot me?" cried Rob. "What have I done?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered the man indifferently; "but boys do a great deal of mischief. They steal fruit, and break windows and make horrid noises. Besides there are a great many of them, and they might overrun us if we didn't thin them out now and then."

Rob was horrified. Without doubt, the man was an escaped lunatic; and right around the corner of the house was Ethel, likely to appear at any minute. Just then the man spoke again.

"Besides, it's necessary to kill to get food."

If Rob had not been so frightened he would have laughed as he thought of his wiry little frame, with scarcely a spare ounce of flesh on it; but he answered very meekly: "But I'm not good to eat."

"No," said the man, "you'd be tough eating."

"And my clothes wouldn't be worth anything to you," said Rob, glancing quickly over his worn suit.

"No," with indifference. "But I came out for a day's sport, and you're the first game I've seen, and I may as well finish you and look farther. I saw some small tracks 'round here," and again that horrible click.

"Oh," cried poor Rob, "don't shoot me! I'm the only boy my poor father and mother have, and they'd miss me dreadfully."

"Pshaw!" cried the other. "They wouldn't mind it much; and besides, I'm coming around in a day or two to shoot them."

"Shoot my father and mother?" gasped Rob. "You wouldn't do such a wicked thing!"

"Why, yes, I would," laughed the dreadful man.

"They are larger and better looking than you, and their clothes are worth more. I've had my eyes on this family for some time, and I may as well begin now."

It seemed to Rob as if his heart stopped beating. Then he cried out, "Please, please don't kill me. I'm so young, and I want to live so much."

The big man laughed derisively.

"Do you think I shall find any game that doesn't want to live? What do you suppose I own a gun for, if I'm not to use it?"

Somehow, even in his terror, this argument had a familiar sound. Just then the big man took deliberate aim. Rob gave one look at the landscape spread out before him. It was so pleasant and life was so sweet. Then he shut his eyes. Bang! When he opened his eyes he saw only the old south porch, with the hop tassels dancing and swinging, and his rifle fallen flat on the floor. It was all a horrid dream from which his fallen rifle had wakened him. But the first thing he did was to peep around the corner of the house to assure himself of Ethel's safety. Yes, there was the broad-brimmed hat flapping down the garden walk, attended by the cat and her two little kittens and lame old Beppo, the dog.

Rob did not take up his beloved rifle.

Resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, he sat looking off over the fields, while a serious thinking went on under his curly thatch, and his thoughts ran something like this:

"I wonder if the birds and squirrels feel as frightened as I did. I guess they do, for sometimes, when I only hurt and catch them, their hearts are just thumping. And how cowardly that big man seemed coming out to shoot me—so much smaller! But I'm a great deal bigger than the things I shoot, and we don't use them in any way. Mother won't wear the birds' wings nor let Ethel, and we don't eat them. I guess I've had a vision, a sort of warning. Oh, what if that dreadful man had found Ethel!" and Rob went around the corner of the house.

The procession had just turned, and was coming toward him. "How is she?" he asked, nodding toward the afflicted Amy Louise, hanging limply over her little mistress' shoulder.

"She's ever so much better. I think

she would be able to swing a little if I hold her," with a very insinuating smile.

"Come along, then, little fraud," laughed Rob, turning toward the swing.

"But aren't you going shooting, Robbie?"

"No," said Rob, with tremendous emphasis.

When Mrs. Craig came home, tired and sad, in the middle of the afternoon, instead of the forlorn little girl she expected to find wandering about, there was a pleasant murmur of voices on the south porch, where Rob sat mending his kite, while Ethel rocked gently to and fro, with Amy Louise and both kittens in her lap.

"You didn't go hunting, then, Robert?" said his mother.

Robert shook his head, without giving any reason; but that evening, as Mrs. Craig sat at twilight in her low "thinking chair" by the west window, there was a soft step behind her, a quick kiss on the top of the head, and a note dropped into her lap, and the note said:

"I will never again kill any creature for sport.

"Robert Anderson Craig."

And Robert Anderson Craig is a boy who will keep his word.

Hester Stuart.

THE OLD MAN'S DOG.

Once there was a poor old man who lived alone with his dog in a small house in the country some distance from neighbors.

One cold winter's night the old man was taken very ill, and fell upon the floor while trying to reach the bed. In vain he called for help, for none could hear his voice. No human ear, that is, for his dog heard him and tried in all ways he could to help him to rise.

At last, seeing he could do nothing for his master, and doubtless much troubled by the groans he heard, he dashed out of the door which fortunately was not latched, and ran with all his speed down the road to a neighbor's house, half a mile away. Here he barked and scratched at the door with all his might, till the master came, when he caught hold of the man's trousers and pulled as if to draw him through the doorway.

It was a few moments before the man understood what was meant by this unusual conduct of the usually serious and well-behaved dog, but at last he thought all might not be well at the cottage, so he called his wife and told her his fears. They both thought it best for him to go and see, so with the dog he hurried up the road.

His timely coming probably saved the old man's life; and the dog received his full share of praise for the noble deed.

THE LORD IS WORTHY OF PRAISE.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

1. Ye chil - dren of the lat - ter days, Come join in
 2. His bless - ings dai - ly we re - ceive, And by His
 3. Sing prai - ses to the Lord most high, For un - to
 4. 'Tis good to praise His bo - ly name; While serv - ing

songs and cheer - ful lays, Un - to the Lord who reigns a -
 grace He doth re - lieve All who in Him will trust and
 us He will draw nigh, And con - des - cend our prayers to
 Him His gifts we claim; That soul is strengthened in His

bove; Re - joic - ing in His bound - less love.
 fear, And all His lov - ing coun - sels hear.
 hear, If we His pre - cepts will re - vere.
 cause, Which lives in hon - or of His laws.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.
Superior to every other known.
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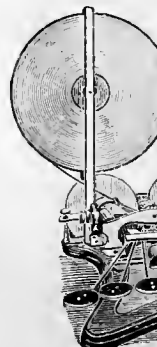
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